

arms, and Ms mustachios touch the earth. Withal mild as a lamb, though he has two daggers always about his person. Our yacht is of fifty-five tons, an excellent size for these seas, with a crew of seven men. She is a very strong sea boat, and bears the unpoetical title of 'Susan,' which is a bore; but as we can't alter it we have painted it out. And now, my dear boy, adieu. . . .

Your very affectionate brother,  
**B. D.**<sup>1</sup>

The \* something very strange ' which lie had in contemplation when he wrote to Austen from Malta is explained in his next letter.

*To Benjamin Austen.*

When I wrote to you last I had some thoughts, indeed had resolved, to join the Turkish Army as volunteer in the Albanian war. I found, however, on my arrival at Corfu, whither for this purpose I had repaired instead of going to Egypt, that the Grand Vizier, whilst all your newspapers were announcing the final loss of Albania to the Porte, had proceeded with such surprising energy that the war which had begun so magnificently had already dwindled into an insurrection. I waited a week at Corfu to see how affairs would turn out; at the end of which came one of the principal rebels flying for refuge, and after him some others. Under these circumstances I determined to turn my intended campaign into a visit of congratulation to headquarters, and Sir Frederick Adam gave me a letter, and with Meredith and Clay, our servants, and a guard of Albanians we at last reached Yanina, the capital of the province.

I can give you no idea in a letter of all the Pashas, and all the Silictars, and all the Agas that I have visited and visited me; all the pipes I smoked, all the coffee I sipped, all the sweetmeats I devoured. . . . For a week I was in a scene equal to anything in the *Arabian Nights* — such processions, such dresses, such corteges of horsemen, such caravans of camels. Then the delight of being made much of by a man who was daily decapitating half the Province. Every morning we paid visits, attended reviews, and crammed ourselves with sweetmeats; every evening dancers and singers were sent to our quarters by the Vizier or some Pasha. . . .

<sup>1</sup> *Letters*, p. 34.